

in a grove of trees  
along Carmel Seven Mile Drive  
his daddy squeezes out nice money  
to send him there  
Why do I remember his grandfather  
hoed cotton to buy the type of shirt  
Rudolph Valentino wore

—Wilma Elizabeth McDaniel  
Tulare, CA

### THE MUSTY FAMILIAR

Ten days after their breakup, she takes an armful of things that remind her too much of him to the local thrift store. As she enters the building, the smell of sweat, mothballs, and old age reminds her that she, too, is now a discard. She hates that smell. His whole house smelled like that; they had gone to several thrift stores before she made the connection. Trying to ignore the tightness in her throat, she goes to the back of the store to the glassware, where she finds two more juice glasses she's been collecting and a lid for an orphaned casserole dish. On her way to the checkout, a pin-striped vest, exactly what she's wanted for months, catches her eye; the vest is a perfect color and fit. She puts her money on the counter and inhales deeply. Not once. Several times. And she leaves with more than she brought in.

—Sandra Spencer  
Denton, TX